ALLIANCE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
BV4817 .W55 1908
Wilson, Henry - The internal Christ / by Henry Wil
3 3506 00024 2278

THE INTERNAL CHRIST

BY HENRY WILSON

Linton D. Hill

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2026

https://archive.org/details/internalchrist0000henr

S
034.8
W69

THE INTERNAL CHRIST

By

HENRY WILSON, D. D.

"The mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to His saints;....which is Christ in you the hope of glory." Col. i. 26, 27.

ALLIANCE PRESS CO.,
692 EIGHTH AVE.,
NEW YORK CITY.

5911

Copyrighted 1908.
ALLIANCE PRESS COMPANY,
692 Eighth Avenue,
New York City.

CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
I.	The Internal Christ.....	7
II.	In Him	18
III.	Christ Is All In All.....	32
IV.	Depths and Heights In Our Spiritual Life	45
V.	Is God Dead?.....	53
VI.	All My Springs Are In Thee...	66
VII.	Songs In The Night.....	71
VIII.	Thirteen Hallelujahs	81

THE INTERNAL CHRIST.

MODERN CHRISTIANITY AND JESUS CHRIST.

"Christ in you the hope of glory" (Colossians i. 27).

A PROTESTANT bishop in a public address lately made in the City of New York, says, "Modern Christendom is falling to pieces by its own weight, and out of its ruins Jesus Christ is emerging to the consciousness of mankind more beautiful than ever."

In a great Roman Catholic Cathedral in the same city and about the same date a thousand priests with a congregation that swelled beyond the open doors of the church out into the street, and over to the pavement on the opposite side, knelt in lowliest adoration before the sacrament of the altar, while the preacher told the people that in that sacrament thus presented to them Jesus Christ was really and truly present under the form of bread and wine, as the Sun and Center of the whole system of Catholic theology. These two facts may fairly express the idea of Jesus Christ as held by at least four hundred millions of professing Christians.

THE HISTORIC CHRIST.

To the average Protestant it is the "Historic Christ," as the phrase is, in all the beauty of His moral character, charming the mind, if not warming the heart of Christendom; "chiefest among ten thousand and altogether lovely."

To the devout Catholic it is the presence of the body of the Crucified Jesus, to be (1) worshipped, and (2) partaken of, under the "species," as the word is, of bread and wine. But to both Protestant and Catholic these two expressions, or manifestations of Jesus, in their practical outcome, mean the

"IMITATIO CHRISTI,"

the copying and faithful following of Him thus presented to (1) the eye of the mind; and (2) the eyes of the body, in (a) the written Word of God, and (b) the sacrament of the altar.

But even among Christians who profess to have gone farther than the "Historic Christ" school, and much farther than those who hold the "real presence" in the sacrament, the tide of "devotion," to use again the word of the schools, hardly rises higher than the teaching of the famous book of à Kempis. There are

holiness movements of to-day headed by noble men of God; led by profound students of the Word; taught by great preachers of entire sanctification and holy living, which at their highest point seldom pass beyond the idea of an external Christ, calling and charming us to follow Him, and by following become like Him.

But surely there is something more than this in Christ for the lowly soul and the believing heart.

Admitting at once the soundness, and praising God for the blessing of the Gospel of the "Imitation of Christ," we believe there is a more excellent way of presenting our living Lord to the eyes and heart of Christendom, viz., "Christ in you, the hope of glory." We believe that this at once is the highest tide of Christian teaching and the deepest need of human souls to-day.

The contrast between the two systems of teaching may be seen by one or two simple illustrations.

REFLECTORS AND RADIATORS.

A piece of tin may reflect the light near which it is placed. The glass surrounding the light radiates the light within.

Just so we may become reflectors of Jesus Christ by coming to Him, following Him closely, imitating His life by the grace of His Holy Spirit, "enabling" us so to do; and further we may in a beautiful and true sense be changed by thus constantly "looking unto" and into the face of Jesus.

"We all with unveiled face reflecting as a mirror the glory of the Lord are transformed (transfigured) into the same image from glory to glory, even as from the Lord the Spirit" (II. Cor. iii. 18, R.V.).

But surely the deeper thought and the deeper life is radiating as a lamp the light and life of an indwelling Christ. Paul himself, who, in the passage just quoted, gives us the reflector side of the truth, gives us in Galatians ii. 20, and many another passage, such as II. Corinthians vi. 16: "I will dwell in them and walk in them," the radiating side of the deepest verity of the Christian life—the power of an indwelling Lord, Jesus Christ.

MOSES REFLECTED.

Moses, from whom the last text is quoted, was himself the best example of a soul reflecting the glory, when he same down from the mount with the skin of his face shining with

the light in which he had been living during those wonderful forty days of communion with God.

JESUS RADIATED GOD.

But a greater than Moses is the highest example of His own indwelling when He came down from another mount, and "His face did shine as the sun" (St. Matt. xvii. 2, and cf Rev. i. 16), not reflecting, but radiating the light of the knowledge of the glory of God (II. Cor. iv. 6).

A locomotive standing on the track, just completed; painted, polished, perfect in every part, and the sun at midday shining upon it and making every bit of brass and steel a burnished blaze of glory. But no motion, except that which comes from without as the workmen painfully "pinch" it forward inch by inch with crowbars.

Another engine is within the shed, grimy and stained with the wear and tear of many a journey. But the fire is lighted in the furnace; the water in the boiler reaches 212 degrees; steam begins to pass into the cylinders; the piston moves; the wheels turn; the engine goes forward,—not by external pressure, but by the force of an energizing power within.

These two illustrations, the lamp radiating and not reflecting light; and the engine moved from within and not from without, may serve to make the difference between the two great schools of teaching on this subject.

Three words similar in sound may also serve to accent the difference in degree, if not in kind, between these modes of presenting "the truth as it is in Jesus"—

IMITATION, INSPIRATION, INCARNATION OF CHRIST.

For each view abundance of Scripture might be quoted, but our purpose is to emphasize the last as the highest and deepest of all.

THE ONE TRUE INCARNATION AND REINCARNATION.

Incarnations and reincarnations are words much used these days and in various senses. To us as Bible Christians the only incarnation worthy of the name is that which took place in Bethlehem of Judea nearly two thousand years ago, and the only reincarnation in which we believe is that which takes place in the heart first and then in the life of all who are "born from above" in the sense in which Jesus used the words to Nicodemus in the third

chapter of St. John; Christmas day repeated daily in human lives; Christ re-born, reincarnated in lowly hearts and yielded bodies; the whole Christ in the whole man

"A living, bright reality."

the soul filled with His soul; the mind with His mind; the body with His body, to the exclusion of all from each part of us that is not God and God-like. This is reincarnation indeed, making men and women "new creatures in Christ Jesus"; men indwelt by a living God and Saviour in such a real and vital way that the words of our mouth and the meditations of our hearts will be always acceptable in God's sight, because it is no longer we, but "Christ living in us" (Gal. ii. 20). In the light of this supreme truth, phrases which have become threadbare by repetition would take on new meanings and renew their youth.

PRACTICAL RESULTS.

For instance, the soul and its immortality would be no longer a "dogma,"—"an opinion laid down with a snare," as a wit once said. It now becomes a Divine soul filling my human soul and transforming and transfiguring every impulse and affection of it. Its immortality would be a matter of course. "Because

I live ye shall live also," would be its magna charta for time and for eternity. "Soul life" and "soul consciousness" would of course be "God life" and "God consciousness" because it is Christ in the soul and the soul in Christ, as the river is in the pitcher and the pitcher is in the river; as the fire is in the piece of red hot iron and the iron is in the fire, and must stay in the fire if it would be always red and white hot. "Abiding in God" would be always the logical and spiritual sequence of God "abiding in us." "Asking and receiving" would be simply the corallary of this great proposition of spiritual Euclid. Our lives would in a word be the Q. E. D. of Divine mathematics.

Then mentality. How the changes have been rung on the word, till its very life has been almost wrung out of it, and the clatter has become "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

But how changed all is in the light of this Bible truth. It is no longer my mind, my mentality, trying to grasp and climb the rungs of the ladder of right thinking, and often falling back in nervous prostration and paresis, through the overstrain upon the mental faculties. It is the mind of Christ (I. Cor. ii. 16)

living and moving and having its being in me; my feeble mind indwelt and invigorated by the mind that planned the universe; my wandering mind weighted and balanced by the mind of Him who thought the world and me into being, and keeps me true to the "Sun of my soul" as the stars and planets in their courses to the visible sun in the heavens. It is His mind doing my thinking in me; His mind giving me thoughts not second hand from books, but first hand and fresh from a mentality stored with "all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge" (Col. ii. 3); His mind not only living and thinking in me, but energizing and vitalizing every department of my mental makeup—memory, imagination, purpose, plan, fore thinking and after thinking, prospect and retrospect, all alight and aflame with "thoughts that breathe," and soon finding utterance in "words that burn."

Next and last, our physical nature. What a change would soon be wrought in this part of us by realizing, even for an hour, the indwelling of the body of Christ within our mortal bodies.

It is hardly too much to say that if medical science could grasp this truth of an internal Christ, creating and keeping alive an "inner

man" (Eph. iii. 16), of which the "outer man" is but the casket and expression, the doctors would change their treatment of diseases almost entirely. They would begin to deal with sickness from within and from above, and not as now from below and from the outside.

MEDICAL TREATMENT.

One of their number tells us that "the whole system of modern medicine fails just here. Diagnosis and treatment proceed from results and external symptoms to internal causes." Christianity and all truer thinking tells us that the cause of all disease lies in mental or spiritual conditions, existing within or above the touch of the knife, or the power of the drug.

The highest Christianity tells us something more, viz., the man within, filled and controlled by the Man from above, even the Living Christ of God, can and will deliver from the power of disease the "outer man," and make him and all within him every whit whole.

> O, Thou that in our bosom's shrine
> Dost dwell, unknown because divine,
> I thought to speak, I thought to say,
> "The Light is here." "Behold the way."

"The voice was thus," and "thus the word,"
And "thus I saw" and "that I heard,"
But from the lips that half essayed,
The imperfect utterance fell unmade.

Unseen, secure in that high shrine,
Acknowledged, present and divine,
I will not ask some upper air,
Some future day to place Thee there;
Do only Thou in that dim shrine,
Unknown or known, remain divine,
Be Thou but there! In soul and heart
I will not ask to feel Thou art.

—*Clough.*

IN HIM.

"For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in Him" (Col. ii. 9, 10).

THE two words "in Him" are like the two foci of a great ellipse, the one double center of all life and vitality in God, but for man. It pleased the Father that in Jesus, as the great Center and Restorer of life and all else that pertains to life and godliness—it pleased the Father that in Jesus Christ should all the fulness dwell.

And the next thing that was pleasing to God was that you and I should be so in Jesus, and Jesus in us, that we shall be as complete in Jesus as God is, and Jesus in God. That is the great central truth of the Alliance teaching, and I like to fall back (God always teaches me that way) upon a very simple illustration.

LOST IN GOD.

A man took his little pitcher one morning down to the river. He put it in, pressed it down until the water in the stream was up to the edge of the pitcher. Now the pitcher was in the river, and he kept pressing it down until

the water began trickling in over the edge of the pitcher, and in a moment or two the river was in the pitcher, and then he kept holding it down, until it was full and overflowing. God in me and I in Him so fully that I cannot tell where God begins and I end; and I cannot tell where I begin and God ends; that is the meaning as far as I understand it of my whole being lost in God, and God in me.

People of God, your highest experience, your deepest possible knowledge is all summed up in this wonderful message. God filling us and we so thoroughly in the heart of God that we become, down on the earth in the midst of our troubles and temptations wherever we are, in a very real way "even as He."

To illustrate.

CHRIST THE CENTRE.

First of all, Christ is the center and I am the circumference. The only perfect geometrical figure in the mathematical world to-day is a circle and a circle has its completeness and its perfection by being the outside of a great center. If the line varies but a hair's breadth from that center it is not a circle. There is a great mathematical center and you and I are a part of that mighty circumference

that goes around and around, and around, and that looks to the center, and only just so far as we look to the center are we forming a part of that great circle of God (Colossians ii, 9, 10). "For in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. And ye are complete in Him, which is the Head of all principality and power," means that Jesus Christ is the mathematical center in this world to-day and you and I in our body, soul and spirit, are little concentric circles all revolving around that great Center, and so far as we keep in that perfect relationship, not varying a hair's breadth from that Center, shall we be well poised.

SUN CENTERED.

That is the mathematical illustration; now let us take it astronomically. When I speak of Jesus Christ as the center and of myself and you as the circumference, I mean that wonderful picture that God never fails to give us every twenty-four hours. I do not wonder men worship the sun when they do not know the Son of God. But we have to-day a light above the brightness of the sun. Jesus Christ to-day is pictured, as nothing else in the world pictures Him, in that bright, beautiful sun.

That sun is the center of all the heat and all the light and all the power in this physical universe, and everything in nature revolves around it. There is not a planet, there is not a star that is not affected by that wonderful sun. God has placed the sun in the midst of the heavens and made these heavenly bodies revolve around Him, and if they varied there would be error. Do you know what error means? It means simply a little turning this way and that way from God's appointed course. What is eccentricity? Just a little bit off the center. We should be so sun centered that we shall never be departing from that course that God has appointed for us by any wandering star.

THE HEAVENLY CHRONOMETER.

Clever men try to explain to us sometimes how these comets go and come. The astronomers tell us that sometimes the earth is affected in its course by some new star or by some strange power in the heavens that seem to affect our seasons and our climates. Well, I do not know about that, but I do know this, that there is a power to-day in the heavenlies, not of God, but of His enemies which has a strange influence upon the hearts and lives

of many of God's people and tries to turn them from the central course that God has appointed. God help us in these wonderful days to distinguish between God's center and the center of demons. God help us to keep our eyes so fixed upon Jesus that we shall not be affixed to anything else; we shall not be eccentric; we shall not be off the center which is Jesus Christ. That is the astronomical idea of it. The whole universe is moving in perfect harmony to-day. There is perfect liberty, perfect freedom of action—there is no check upon the motion of the earth to-day in its revolving around the sun. That is where you and I ought to be. We ought to be like the clocks, we ought to move in perfect time. But that does not mean that you and I will tick together exactly always, but it does mean that you and I should tick according to God's clock. There is a clock up there, and it is a great regulator. In a large store in New York where I take my watch to be repaired there is one large clock which is the regulator. And when they want to get the true time they do not look at other clocks in the the store, but always at this one clock. We want to get our clocks regulated by the great heavenly chronometer, and if we will keep

bringing our watches—our thoughts, our emotions and our whole being—if we keep bringing them day by day and hour by hour to that great astronomical center we will never get off our center.

ROOTED IN CHRIST.

Let me turn to the earth for a moment and show you how beautifully the same truth will apply. Take the little plant, the commonest you can imagine, some little simple flower, the lily of the valley for instance, think of it in this way and you will see the same truth in the lowest spot on earth. There are three things about the flower that makes it attractive. The first is its growth. There is not a blade of grass springing on this ground to-day; there is not a tree that has not got its root, the center of all its vitality, in the sun. The little plant down in the garden is drawing all its vitality not merely from the earth below it, but from the sun permeating the earth and warming it, and the rain coming down and strengthening the root and making the little plant grow up. "Rooted and grounded in love!" And who is Love? "God is love." Oh, get your roots down deep to-day, get them fastened around the life of the Lord

Jesus Christ. You remember that passage, "They had no root in themselves and they withered away." I have seen it. None of us have been so long in this work without understanding that there are wrecks and dried up weeds along the course of life. They are lost, useless, thrown aside. Why? Because they had no root in themselves. They were not fastened to Christ. They had roots in leaders; they had roots in experiences; they had roots in meetings; they had roots everywhere, anywhere, but they were not rooted in God. The deepest thing that God wants for you is to get your roots wrapped closely around Him, not around any leader, not around any teacher not around any book. God save us from being parasites.

TRANSFORMATION—TRANSFIGURATION.

The second thing about the flower is its color. Here again the natural picture is very suggestive of spiritual truth. Is there anything in a little garden that is more wonderful than the variety of color? Daisies, anemones, lilies, roses, all sorts of little flowers can be gathered in one garden not more than a few feet in diameter. Now do you know that the same sun is nourishing every one of those

flowers? The same moisture from the atmosphere drops on each one and gives them the blessing that they need separately. Can you tell me why the same earth produces in the same little roots in a few feet of ground such very different colored flowers? I do not know. You must ask God about that, but I will tell you what I do know about it. It is the same God that worketh all and in all. It is the same spirit of Jesus that waters your roots to-day, strengthens your stems and produces flowers, separate souls, lives of such varied hue that it is a perfect delight to look at you. I do not believe the Spirit of God wants to denaturalize a person. I have a strong feeling that God never meant to take any natural quality out of my nature and supplant it by another. I believe God wants to take my natural being and transform it and transfigure it.

You know that every shade and every tint in every flower on the earth to-day comes from the sun. Whatever your mental color may be; whatever your spiritual bent may be, oh, keep it bathed in the sunlight of Jesus Christ! It will not be hard and fast in that mechanical way that you see in artificial flowers. God grant that we may be sweet flowers, growing

up into Him in all things and touched day by day by that color-giving power that flows from the center, Jesus Christ.

PERFUMED CHRISTIANS.

My last thought is this: You know that there are no two flowers that have the same perfume. God wants us to be sweet Christians. God wants us to be perfumed Christians. God wants us to have a supernatural odor coming out from us that will sweeten the air all around us. Again the beautiful unity; again the perfect variety that God gives us. People of God, let me again pray God give you a unity of growth in Jesus Christ that the plant has. God give you the variety of color that God gives in connection with unity of growth and then God give you that exquisite something that no words can ever picture, God give us the perfume of God to flow out from our being. We cannot put perfume into words. Why should we not have the perfume of Jesus Christ? Why should not we be broken boxes of ointment every day? Why should not we have that wonderful something that Jesus always had, flowing from us? Men knew that He was in the place for He could not be hid.

FULL SALVATION.

The first application of this great subject is my salvation. In what sense is my salvation complete? What is full salvation? I have no full salvation until I am full of Him. I may be full of ideas, full of assurance and I may be full of communion, I may know a whole lot of things, but oh, people of God, in all kindness let me say it, don't you talk about a full salvation until Christ is so in you and you in Him that there is not room for a cross word on your tongue, until there is not room for a sinful feeling in your heart, until there is not room for a single envious thought in your mind. You can only get in Him by keeping in Him. You cannot bottle it up and carry it away. You come here to get into more living touch with that living Source and you will never be satisfied until you open every avenue of your being to the Lord Jesus Christ as you open your eyes to the sunlight to-day. What God wants to-day is not an open heaven, but an open heart, an open mind.

RESTFULNESS—ACTIVITY IN HIM.

When have you got a complete sanctification? Sanctification is complete when the Sanctifier has complete control of one. For

God's sake, for Christ's sake, for your own peace, get on to the center to-day, which is Christ Himself. Do not spend your time reading books on sanctification. If I were you I would put them on the top shelf for a while. Look up into His blessed face and drink in the Holy Ghost for your sanctification. When I have opened my whole being to Him and let Him have right of way and full sway, that moment I am sanctified by the Sanctifier who is the new center, and my whole life becomes a beautiful orbit around the sun. Not worried or hurried. Lord Bacon once quoted some one as saying, "Stars receive a great deal of admiration, but they do not get much rest." Beloved, I want you to lift your eyes, not to the stars, but to the sun. We shall find in Jesus Christ rest. Worship God, worship Jesus Christ, worship the Holy Ghost. Give Him all the adoration that your being is capable of. Notice how intensely restful the sun is and how intensely active. When you are filled with Christ and the Holy Spirit you will be just as restful as the sun and you will be just as active as the sun. You will be just the same when there are clouds as when there are none. There is where we ought to be. We ought to be oblivious to praise and blame, and

go on like the sun. What does the sun do when somebody complains about it? Why it just shines on. What does the river do when somebody empties filthy water into it? Why it just runs on.

A little story is told about President Lincoln in war time. A man wrote a violent letter to some person that had offended him. This man got on his mettle and he wrote a stinging letter, but he was wise enough to bring it to President Lincoln before he sent it. The President read it over and said, "That is a splendid letter; it is a grand letter; I am so glad you wrote it." "Are you, now?" said the man. "Yes," said the President, "I am glad you wrote it, but of course you are not going to send it. I suppose you wrote it just to relieve your mind." Oh, beloved, when you are tempted to write unkind letters, just don't send them. You will be all the better for not sending them, and so will your friend. We all have our little stings and hurts that come to us not from the world outside, but from God's own people. But let us like the sun, shine on; or be like the river which runs on and carries everything out to the sea; so let us bury everything in oblivion. That is

sanctification when Christ is in you and you in Christ.

Now a word about healing. When am I wholly healed? I believe I am wholly healed when the whole of Christ is in the whole of me, just as this blessed text says, "Complete in Him." It is when I am so full of Christ that there is no room for disease; there is no place for pain to get the mastery. Beloved, you ought to be no more conquered by disease than you would be conquered by a little miserable, crawling thing that gets upon your person a moment and which you fling off. That is divine healing. I may be radical in my views, but I am very happy in them. I think I can speak with some degree of experience and with perhaps some authority. Every Christian that is in Christ and Christ in him should have victory over disease just as clearly defined and clear cut as victory over sin and all the power of the enemy. Christ in you and you in Christ.

THE LORD'S COMING.

Then the fourth: The Coming of the Lord. When I am really a believer in the coming of the Lord? When is this truth vital to me? When the coming Lord is so in me that I can-

not live or move or have my being without Him. Then the coming of the Lord is not only drawing nigh, but it is becoming a tremendous fact in your life, and then *the* coming becomes a reality as never before. Every look of your eye will be upward and onward; every movement of your being will be outward towards Him, if you knew the Lord was coming tomorrow. That is why I like to turn this about, for I would rather talk about the Lord's coming, than about the coming of the Lord. One may be an abstract thing, the other a vital fact.

Does your belief in the coming of the Lord make you passionately fond of sinners? If you love the Lord's appearing you will love the people for whom the Lord is pleading today, and you will not leave a stone unturned until by word and thought and deed you will do something to

> "——make this blighted world of ours
> His own fair world again."

CHRIST IS ALL IN ALL.

"Christ is all and in all" (Col. iii. 11).

WHICH CHRIST? There are more than one of whom men speak as the Christ.

THE HISTORIC CHRIST.

First, the historical Christ. How much He is preached at the present day, and by what beautiful pictures He is presented to us. Men call Him the central figure of history, the grandest character that ever passed across the stage of human life, the flower and fruitage of all that is lovely and true among the millions of mankind, who have lived, are living and shall live on the earth till the end come; the noblest of all the noble army of martyrs that in will, word and deed have laid down their lives for the brethren. Is this the Christ of the text? Is this the Christ that our eyes are looking to, and our hearts longing for? Surely more—much more—than this. For this Christ, however beautiful and strong and true, has never saved a soul in the deepest sense of that word salvation. The Christ of history, if He is only that, is no more to us in and for our deepest life, than any other grand character,

like Julius Cæsar—a glorious heathen—or Martin Luther—a glorious Christian—who have arrested our attention, challenged our admiration, or our affection, as they passed before us in the pages of history. No, the historic Christ is like the historic creed or the historic church, of which we have heard so much. Neither He nor they have ever in all the ages changed the heart and character of man. He and they together have indeed changed men's views, attitudes, and sometimes the actions, but never yet the heart and conscience of man, simply because they are historic. The Christ of history must step down from the picture of Him as painted by the evangelists, as crystallized in the creeds, as taught us by the church in her best presentation of Him, and come into my heart, change my life by giving me His to take its place, and become to me bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh and so press His entire being and personality into mine that mine becomes the simple-natural and supernatural expression of Him.

THE THEOLOGICAL CHRIST.

Second, the theological Christ. We learned of Him at school and college. We saw Him

as presented to us (1) by the fathers of the early church: the Nicene, the ante and post Nicene spiritual and intellectual giants of those far-off days. (2) By the mediæval school men. (3) By the Reformation leaders. We waded through the deep waters of their explanations and definitions of His twofold nature, His divinity and humanity, and the insoluble mystery of the *"Communicatio Idiomatum."* We read and re-read the views of Calvin and Zwingli on one side and of Luther on the other; or of the Arminians in the middle just as our early training and prejudices led us into one school of theology or the other. But all this Christology, logical and theological never touched or changed our heart. It never awakened our conscience to a sense of sin or the deep need of a personal Saviour to deliver us from its guilt or power. It made us partisans and special pleaders for our view of the Christ, and intensely dogmatic in the assertion that our view was the only view, and that all who differed from us did so to their own hurt, if not to their everlasting destruction. It left us as it found us except with a thin veneer of surface religion that we mistook, though others did not, for vital Christianity.

THE CEREMONIAL CHRIST.

Millions are bowing before Him throughout the Christian world to-day. This is the Christ of the altar and of the mass in the Church of Rome. This is the Christ of the ritualist in churches called Protestant. This is the Christ of many so-called "believers" who attach more importance to the form than to the substance, whether that form be sprinkling or immersion, or eating and drinking the bread and wine at the communion in a sitting or kneeling posture.

This is the Christ of the painted window, the painted arch, the dim religious light of the old cathedral, the reverent service, the chanted Litany, the Passion music and the Easter carol—all beautiful, and much good and true; but all lacking the essential thing—the real presence of Jesus Christ in the heart, changing the character, renewing the will, purifying the affections, and so transforming the life that our faces shine with the transfiguration glory of the Mount of Vision.

THE PARTIAL CHRIST.

Fourth, the Christ of parts and places. "Back to Nazareth" is the cry of some. Back to the cradle, the manger, the home of Joseph

and Mary, the carpenter's shop, and the simple life of the village boy. Back to Galilee and the life of the fishermen, toiling, rejoicing, sorrowing, say others. Back to the sermon on the mount, and its inimitable teaching, and then the fruits of it in the valley of sin, disease and sorrow. Back to the practical Christ, going about doing good and healing all that were oppressed of the devil (Acts x. 38), say others again.

Once more we hear the cry, Back to the Christ of the outcast and the poor, the Friend of publicans and sinners, the Christ who had not where to lay His head, and whose whole life was a protest—often silent, but none the less earnest—against the luxury and extravagance of His professed followers in all Christian ages, and more than all in this twentieth century since He came.

THE TRUE CHRIST MORE THAN THESE.

To these and similar cries we have one answer: "Yes, yes, yes," but "more." Give us and get us back to all these names and conditions of Jesus Christ on earth, but with them give us the Christ of Gethsemane, and the bloody sweat. Give us with these the Christ of Calvary, and the shame, and the spitting,

the nails, the spear, the despairing cry, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!" Give us, too, the Christ of the outpoured blood and the vicarious sacrifice; the Christ that "poured out His soul unto death and made intercession for the transgressors." Give us, too, the Christ of Easter, the victory over death and hell; the Christ of the forty days, and the ascension; the Christ of the intercession and pleading at the right hand of God; the Christ who is coming again to set up His kingdom on earth and reign in righteousness and millennial glory. In a word we must have a whole Christ and not a partial one.

THE WHOLE CHRIST.

Christ is not divided, and we must not attempt to divide Him. It is with us the whole or none; a partial or piecemeal Christ means a partial and piecemeal salvation. The Babe of Bethlehem is the eternal God, and even in swaddling clothes is the brightness of His Father's glory and the express image of His person (Heb. i. 3).

The Man of Galilee is the Incarnate God and the Creator of heaven and earth. The so-called carpenter's Son is He of whom it is written, "Thy throne, O God, is forever and

ever." The Man of the "simple life," of which we hear so much, is the Author and Giver of eternal life; and the same Jesus who said: (1) "This is life eternal: to know Thee, the only true God and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent," and (2) through St. John, "He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son hath not life" (I. John v. 12).

The man of the "strenuous life" of toil and teaching of which we hear more and more, is also the "very God of very God—begotten, not created." Not simply divine, but deity itself incarnate, the eternal word made flesh and dwelling among us" (John i. 14).

In this supreme matter we cannot have the fruit of the tree of life without the root. As Mr. Gladstone once said, we cannot have a teaching Christ without His eternal power and Godhead, as the sap and source of the personality we see in His outward words and work. The incarnation, the atoning sacrifice, the resurrection of Jesus Christ are the threefold root of deity out of which all His teaching and wonder-working spring, and that theology will surely wither and decay like the falling leaves of a November day which attempts to tell us what Christ said and did, without telling us also who Jesus Christ is, was and ever

will be, viz., the Eternal God, the Alpha and Omega of all creation, human and divine.

WHAT THIS COMPLETE CHRIST IS AND DOES.

This full Christ, human and divine, is, first, all that God the Father is; secondly, He is all that God the Holy Ghost has, and thirdly, He is all that man needs.

He is all that God the Father is. This does not ignore the distinction between the personality of the Father and the Son, nor the difference between the fountain and the stream. But as Jesus Himself said, "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father," and "I and My Father are one," meaning simply that He who sees the light sees the sun; he who drinks of the river has the essence of the fountain passing into his being. So the soul that sees and receives Jesus Christ into His being becomes at once the recipient of "the Fatherhood of God," and "the brotherhood of man" in a way that the modern talkers on this well-worn subject have never realized, or perhaps never dreamed of.

So in the reception of the Holy Ghost, a subject much clouded and mystified by many of the very books meant to make it clear, to receive the Holy Ghost is as simple as breath-

ing common atmospheric air. No more struggle is necessary for the one than the other. If we could only realize that in the higher as in the lower act, there is a sweet, silent passing into our being, not only of air, breath and vital energy, but in this higher breathing the impassing of a personality as real as God the Father and God the Son, we should understand in a new and deeper way the meaning of "asking" in St. Luke xi. 13, and of "obeying" in Acts v. 32. There is then not a power, virtue or quality necessary for our highest and fullest salvation in soul and body that is not contained in Jesus Christ and obtained by us from and through Him as we absorb His being into ours.

Perhaps Charles Wesley sang better than he knew when he said:

> "Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
> Yea, more than all in Thee I find."

Our little alls and our great alls will be like a drop in the ocean of that greater all of which St. Paul speaks when he prays that the Ephesians "might be filled with *all* the fulness of God" (Eph. iii. 19).

If, or since, these things are so, the next step will be a simple sequence of those we have already taken. If Christ is all in the way we

have suggested, He is surely in all in a no less real way, and here we need not fear the poor, thin Pantheistic perversion of this truth, nor the caricature of it in modern Universalism. The way to answer both of these errors is to so receive Jesus Christ into our whole being, and so to live out His life in us in the blessing of other lives, that it will be manifest to all thinking people that Christ is in us in a way infinitely higher than He is in a sunbeam or in a blade of grass. If Jesus Christ is in us "of a truth," "verily and in deed," men will soon see the vital difference between us and those who talk glibly about universal and eternal salvation, but give no living evidence that they know the first principles of the one or the other.

But this we must do and be if we are to answer the arguments of the Pantheist and the Universalist. We must begin to "make good," as the phrase of to-day is. The Fourfold Gospel must become a fourfold fact. First, Christ must be "all and in all" in the strongest and most personal way. "The whole Christ in the whole of us" must cease to be a glib phrase, spoken trippingly from our tongue, and must become our very life blood, the core and essence of our twofold being, body and soul,

and it will, if we are only sincere and simple in our inbreathing and absorption of Him into our personality. When this is so, the old words "salvation," "sanctification," "healing," and "the coming of the Lord," will have a new and more vital meaning than ever. They will each become—if one may use the word—a personality, living, moving and having His being in us, so pressed, as we have already said into our being that ours will become the expression of His. "We in Christ and Christ in us," another phrase we use much, will become indeed a fact and a fact of such vital force that all agonizing and straining after and for things and blessings will pass away in the steady, quiet absorption of Deity into our being. Agonizing indeed for the sinner to enter in by the straight gate as Jesus says in St. Luke xiii. 24; agonizing for the saint too, but in loving intercession, as Epaphras for his Colossian friends (Col. iv. 12); agonizing as Jesus did in the garden for this lost world, the weight of whose sin He was bearing; agonizing, as Paul did, travailing in birth pangs till Christ should be born in His Galilean people (Gal. iv. 19); agonizing, too, in a real conflict with our spiritual and physical foes around us; "Fighting the good fight of faith and lay-

ing hold of eternal life" (I. Tim. vi. 12, and II. Tim. iv. 7), with a firmer grip every hour on God; but no "agonizing" to "receive the Holy Ghost"; no agonizing to be filled with all the fulness of God, no "agonizing" to take from Him any gift, or grace, "who giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not" (James i. 5). We might as well say the bird agonizes to breathe the air, or to mount up toward the sun in the early morning. We might as well say the fish agonizes to swim in the water or sink into the depths of the stream and the sea. Fish "out of water" do indeed "agonize" to get back into their proper element, but the moment they touch the stream they are in peace and they move on and up or down through it, as easily as the bird in the air and the light through the atmosphere. A simple illustration may make this plain to some troubled child of God.

Take a good-sized glass fruit dish. Fill it with water. Then a small one empty. The large vessel filled with water will represent God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost, the trinity of glass, water and air, picturing to us the Father, Jesus in the bosom of the Father, and the Holy Ghost permeating both as light does the air. The little

glass dish—empty—represents your soul and mine, (1) Away from Christ. (2) In touch with Christ. (3) Placed on the surface of the water and thus "in Christ." But even while thus "in Christ" the little vessel of my soul is still empty, though surrounded by a little sea of life-giving water. I am "hungry," as we say, for God, though I am in God. What is to be done, that the Christ in whom I am, may be "in me," satisfying my deepest longing, meeting and supplying my every need? Something so simple that the wonder is big people do not see and realize what a child of four years can understand. Why, simply with your finger press the little floating glass dish steadily down, and down, into the yielding water, till it reaches the rim—the crisis of the second blessing, as we call it. Still down and down, and in a moment the little vessel sinks to the bottom of the large one, and is filled without the slightest strain or struggle, and with very little noise, with "all the fulness" of the larger. Here is the whole matter on which volumes have been written about "In Christ," and "Christ in us." No mystery to the "yielded" soul, but much mystery and much misery to those who have not yet learned the A, B, C of real surrender unto God.

DEPTHS AND HEIGHTS IN OUR SPIRITUAL LIFE.

"COME UP HITHER."

Revelation iv. 1.

"I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice,
And it told Thy love to me;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
And be closer drawn to Thee."

HITHER might be spelled higher. It is God's voice to the soul whether in its Patmos or its paradise. Heights beyond the heights—hither, higher—"Nearer my God to Thee."

Beyond all phrases about the infilling of the Holy Ghost, fresh baptisms, etc., of the Spirit, one thing is plain to every earnest soul. There are spaces in all of us, vast spaces in some, yet to be filled with the Holy Ghost. We may have *all* the Holy Ghost, but has He *all* of us? spaces, places, rooms and closets in our spiritual house into which He has not yet "fully come," because perhaps we have not yet given up *all* the keys from cellar to attic of our spiritual homestead?

Surely beyond our best past and present there is a future, fuller still, deeper and richer in its meaning and purpose than we have ever known, both of the Holy Ghost and of Jesus when He comes to make more and more real to us,—

"The living, bright reality."

There are deeper inbreathings of the Holy Spirit for each of us than we have ever known. As our spiritual lungs develop it is wonderful how much more of God's higher air we can breathe in. When the stooped shoulders of our soul are straightened up, when the narrow chest of our crystallized experience is expanded, when we stand and walk erect as God meant us to do, and the joy of the Lord becomes more and more a fact and a factor in our daily life, it is marvelous what long breaths of divine life we can take without feeling the effort, and then what strides we can make in spiritual progress on the upward way. Then as these deep draughts of God bring Christ with them into the very bone and marrow of our souls, and the words "Christ in you" (Col. i. 27) pass from a phrase into a fact, how near and real to every thought He becomes. He comes near and nearer in a new way to the deepest consciousness; and

TOUCHES US AS HE NEVER DID BEFORE.

For there are touches and touches of Jesus to our soul. Both on His part and ours there

comes a closer and more sweet contact than our best past has known.

When we first knew Him our hands met as those of persons just introduced to each other. Now, and as the days go on in spiritual nearness and knowledge, it is the loving grasp not of friends even, but of blood relations. His hand is part of us and ours of Him. It is not merely the holding Him by the feet and worshipping Him as the woman did on the first Easter day (St. Matt. xxviii. 9). It is not even His taking the sick, dying and dead by the hand and lifting them up into life and health (St. Mark i. 31, v. 41; St. Luke vii. 14, etc.). It is something far deeper and sweeter. It is in picture, John leaning on Jesus' breast at supper (John xiii. 23). Here is the twofold touch of the deepest spiritual life: (1) Ours of Him in restful faith and sweet, sacred fellowship. (2) His of us in responsive pressure of hand and heart to every deep yearning of our soul. How the heart of Jesus and of John the beloved, must have been one in physical and spiritual harmony, like watches keeping time together to the second, or Marconi instruments, perfectly "tuned up," to make exactly the same number of vibrations so that messages can pass with

lightning rapidity from one to the other and back again without a hitch or hindrance of any kind.

DEEPER VOICES

from the lips and heart of Jesus to our ears and hearts as the spiritual life of God finds its way more and more into us. "I have heard Thy voice," as the old verse has it; and "it told Thy love to me." But, oh, how much deeper, richer and more penetrating that voice of Jesus becomes to us as He enters more and more fully into us.

When we first came to know Him we could sing and understand as no unsaved one can, the words of Doctor Gordon's touching hymn:—

"He whispered to assure me,
I've found thee, thou art Mine.
I never heard a sweeter voice,
It made my aching heart rejoice."

But now there are voices beyond this in depth and suggestiveness. Voices to the conscience, the will, the imagination, the great soul of our being, saying, "Are you Mine as fully as you ought to be after all the salvation, sanctification and healing I have given you? Is your threefold nature as completely Mine and yielded in every part as you once

thought it was, and I desire it to be?" Voices, too, calling to more joyful service as well as deeper consecration. Words of His lips to our inner ears, calling us to "outgoings" from the selfishness of even our exalted spiritual life, telling us of duties to those at home and far away still "left undone" that we "ought to have done," as the old Confession has it. Voices from heaven, indeed, but for earth and earthly people around us, to whom and their claims and needs we in our spiritual exaltation have been strangely deaf and indifferent. And surely from these deeper voices to the soul will come

LARGER VISIONS.

As surely as one of our spiritual senses is quickened by the Holy Ghost others will also be. Deeper hearing will mean clearer sight. Visions of God's purposes for us and of His possibilities in us and through us will come surely and increasingly to us, as the days go on. The face of Jesus will become increasingly beautiful to us. His eyes will look deeper down into our being, and ours will follow His more and more intensely as they gaze far away towards lands and people of whom we

have thought but little, and in whom till now our interest has been faint and weak.

"In Thy light we shall see light" (Ps. xxxvi. 9). In the stronger light of His countenance we shall see faces rising before us out of the dim distances and darknesses of heathenism, that we have never prayed for, perhaps never thought of till now. "The godless look of earth" of which Faber speaks, will take on a new meaning for us, as Jesus sees more of us and we of Him and we shall begin to learn the secret of His life of unceasing intercession and with Him "compass the world" day by day, from the rising of the sun unto the going down of the same in prevailing prayer.

Then one step more we shall take. As the outcome and sure result of these deeper inbreathings of the Holy Ghost, these closer touches of Jesus, these more penetrating voices, these enlarged visions of God and ourselves will come

VICTORIES

more frequent and lasting than we have ever known. We fought and just won in days gone by. Now we shall fight and win with a steady triumph in our tone and heart as the

battle rages. There will be a shout in our soul though inaudible to man, like that of Joshua and the host of God, before the city was taken.

"Shout," he said on the seventh day, and after the seven encompassings were complete, "Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city" (Josh. vi. 16).

These new and deeper victories will be over—

(1) Sin, death and fear in our souls and minds. Once we said in these matters: "Nevertheless though I am sometime afraid I will put my trust in Thee." Now, by the increasing grace of God, we can say, "I will trust and not be afraid."

(2) Sickness and pain and physical weakness will be so much more easily mastered than even when we were first healed, just because divine healing will have become to us more and more a *life* rather than an uplifting, or touch of God not now so much a *deliverance* from these things as a *mighty river* of water of life carrying us over them, or burying us so deeply in the bosom of God that we shall not mind the ripple of pain or the ruffling breath of physical discomfort as it passes over the surface of our being. So

all life, spiritual, mental and physical, shall more and more become the song of triumph.

"Thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory," and now thanks be unto God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ and maketh manifest the savor of His knowledge by us in every place" (I. Cor. xv. 57; II. Cor. ii. 14).

IS GOD DEAD?

"Then Jesus answering said unto them, Go your way and tell John the things ye have seen and heard; how that the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead are raised, to the poor the Gospel is preached. And blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me." (Luke vii. 22, 23.)

THAT was the message of Jesus to one discouraged man, John, in prison, in answer to his question, "Art Thou He that should come, or look we for another?" His question implied a shadow of doubt. And there was a good reason. John was in prison, with the shadow of Herod's axe hanging over his head, a victim of slander and wicked women. If you were in that place would you not wonder if God was going to let you die such a death? If John had been able to have left prison for a little while and to have seen the Master for a few moments, we can imagine him saying something like this: "My Master, my Saviour, are you going to let me die in that fearful prison? I, who was your forerunner? I, who was baptised with the Holy Ghost especially to be that? I, who was born out of time beyond natural reason just to come into the world to proclaim You as the coming One? I, who pointed my disciples to

you as the Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world? I, who told my disciples to follow You, and who gave up all my chances of being a leader, a preacher and a teacher that you might be followed? I did all this for Thee, and now I am in prison for the truth's sake, and I am going to die unless You deliver me. Oh, Lord Jesus, for Thy name's sake, for the sake of God's truth, for the sake of uprightness and integrity, for the sake of Thine own cause and kingdom Thou wilt surely deliver me and not let me die?"

John longed for some word, some message from Jesus that his faith might be strengthened, his life spared and he be freed from the dungeon to testify to Christ. In like circumstances, do you not think you would have talked to the Lord somewhat like that?

We talk so much and quibble to people about not doubting, but is there a man living who does not doubt, upon whom the shadow does not fall heavily, and the tear fall, the heart sink and the question arise, "Oh God, art Thou the One, the Deliverer, the Saviour?"

GOD'S ANSWER.

What is Jesus' answer to John's question.

It was remarkable in that it was not an answer at all. John said "Art Thou the One who was to come, or look we for another?" Have we made a mistake? Are You one of the false Christs? Listen to the answer to this cry! Don't always expect that God is going to answer your cry just in the words of your lips. He is going to give you a better answer. Jesus does not say "Go back and tell John that I Am the coming One; that he is not mistaken in his faith; that I am going to deliver him and that he shall not die; that I will open the prison house and with one stroke of My almighty hand sweep Herod and Herodias off the face of the earth and deliver My servant." That is what we would like God to do sometimes. Many a time have we prayed and hoped that Jesus would come and deliver, set up truth and put down error. It is one of the deepest problems of human life.

A BETTER DELIVERANCE.

But God has a better deliverance for you and me than smashing the prison house, and putting our keepers in hell and us in heaven. Jesus says to John's disciples "Go back, tell John these things which ye see and hear." What are these things? "The blind see, the

lame are walking, the lepers are being cleansed, the deaf are hearing, the dead are raised and the poor have the gospel preached to them." God says to John through Christ, "Thou art My faithful servant and child. I am going to give you an evidence that the world cannot doubt." And who would not rather see these evidences of Christianity today than that the prison doors be unbarred; the ears of the deaf opened to the voice of God in their conscience; the dead in trespasses and sin rising from the grave; lame people who never walked straight in their lives beginning to walk straight; the spiritually blind beginning to see; people filled with the leprosy of sin being cleansed?

The supreme question after all is, Is God in this world or is God dead? I do not wonder at John's despairing cry.

"GOD IS NOT DEAD."

Some of us may recall an incident which occurred at the City Hall in New York on a certain day in April, 1865. The news was flashed over this republic and the world, "President Lincoln was shot last evening." The whole city was moved. The people, frenzied with grief, thronged the Hall yonder,

and to some it seemed the world had come to an end because of this assassination. One man of that crowd, carried on the shoulders of his friends, at last got the ear of the crowd, and shouted at the top of his voice "Men—Americans—Abraham Lincoln is dead but God is not dead." Praise God for that cry.

God is not dead. Sometimes as we look around us and note how many are dying we seem to be traveling through a cemetery. At other times we seem to be in an insane asylum,—so many are insane. Still again, so many are ill, the world seems like a hospital. But there is another beautiful side to this. It is true the "whole world lieth in the arms of the wicked one." It is also true that God is gathering a few out of the world, His chosen ones. We are pessimists in thinking the world is not to be converted before Jesus comes. We are optimists with regard to the present work God is doing. God is not dead. There are signs of revival all around us. Let us thank God and take courage. God lives! "God reigneth a King forever!"

LIGHT BEYOND THE SHADOWS.

We cannot take up the daily papers without realizing that the world is terrible in its

condition. But again, behind all the terrible things there are bright and blessed things. For instance, we mourn over the social problem in this city, the condition of the marriage relation, the awful shame to our republic of the divorce courts. There are shocking and unspeakable things going on in our lowest and highest grades of human life day by day. Let us remember that for every shocking divorce case there are perhaps hundreds of happy families, true husbands and wives, beautiful children growing up in the fear of God. It is true there are many things occurring to give a shock to our faith. Let us rise to-day to a plane of faith and hope. God is not dead. Behind all the shadows there is light. Behind all the unspeakable things there is God. When you are praying over some heart-breaking sense of burden and despair, lift up your heart and you will see God working out his own sweet and beautiful will.

There is a peculiar beauty in the original of this answer of Jesus to John. It is all in the present tense. Our English version fails here. Literally it is "the dead are rising, the blind are beginning to see, the lame are beginning to walk," etc., and, finally "The poor

are being evangelized." Thank God for the Gospel that reaches the poor. It was the mark of the gospel in those days, and it is to-day that the common, simple, uncultivated, ignorant people hear and receive the gospel where the cultivated and refined do not. But let us be careful here, and not forget the poor rich people who need the gospel as well as the poor.

THE TENTH BEATITUDE.

In the Sermon on the Mount there are nine beatitudes. Here we have a tenth. "Blessed is he, whosoever shall not be offended in Me." Let me urge you to take this verse above all the visible, tangible signs that God may give you of His presence in the world. I would rather believe in Jesus, and trust Him without a single one of these signs than pin my faith even on them. That is why I think the last part of this message is the best of all. If you doubt, He will come down and let you see somebody saved, perhaps one in your own family who seemed most indifferent and hardened; He may let you see some lepers cleansed, those whom you could not believe would ever be lifted up; He may unstop some deaf ears who previously refused to hear the message

of salvation. But let me tell you, because it is most important of all, if I never saw a dead person raised to life, a leper cleansed, a soul converted to God or sanctified, or another person healed, I want to trust Jesus. It is not easy. It is very hard. We do stumble over Jesus when we do not see the signs of His presence. We do begin to doubt because we do not see these things. John never saw any more visible signs of God's working in the world, a blind man healed or a leper cleansed, a lame man walk or a dead man arise from the grave. He died in shame. Dear broken heart, to-day, are you standing that test? If He does not show you any visible sign will you trust Him? God help you.

I WILL TRUST.

Listen to John as he dies. You can hear the moan of the prison house; hear the sigh that breaks his heart and perhaps hear John saying, "Is that all He told you? Isn't He going to deliver me? Isn't He coming to this prison?" Have you not felt that way sometimes? Haven't you been there and said, "Lord, help me," and when the answer came said, "Is that all God has for me?" Perhaps you have thought that your prayers would

never be answered, when your cries seemed to have only gone up to the ceiling and come down again. Listen to the words. "Blessed, blessed, blessed is he." Who? The man who saw the dead rise? The man who saw the lepers cleansed? No. Blessed is he whosoever will trust Me, no matter what I do or what I do not do. Would it not be blessed? would not the old beatitude have a new meaning if we could get there where if necessary we could say, if I am to die here, die in this cloud of darkness, under that false accusation a cruel, shameful, horrible death, then, God helping me I'll die and trust Thee. That is the beatitude. That is what Jesus means. Blessed is he, not the man who sees, but the man who believes without seeing. Blessed is he, not the man who receives, but the man who doesn't get anything, but still trusts. Blessed is he who can, without seeing Me, go to his home in glory and wait to see Me by and by. Lord, if all the wicked in the world shall prosper and all the good in the world goes down, if the tyrant is on the throne, and the truthful man is in the dust, I will trust, I will not be ashamed, I will not be confounded. Ah, beloved, can we say that? Are we saying it? God knows what lies before us. Perhaps,

as you say, He may take that precious one to whom I have been clinging all my life. Yes. Will you cease to pray? Will you cease to read your Bible because God did that to you? God help you to lift up your voice, not as poor foolish Peter before the cross, but as Peter could do it to-day, "Though all men should be offended yet will not I." Though all the Christians doubt, I will believe. Though all around become backsliders, lose belief in Divine Healing, go back to physicians and remedies, I will stand true. Be true to God in salvation, sanctification, in Divine Healing, in the Lord's coming—be true, and say to God as you never said before, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him." If I were attacked by some mortal disease to-day I hope I would have the courage to go down to death with my colors flying and trust God. Shut your eyes tight to everything visible in this world that discourages, everything to which you cling except God. Let our hearts say, I will trust Thee all days and all ways, not only in the brightness but in the darkness when I cannot see Thy face, cannot hear Thy voice, cannot feel Thy touch.

TAKE NO OFFENSE.

Why? Because it is so easy to be offended.

It is so hard at times not to be. There are offenses taken when none are intended, and there are offenses made out of nothing. Is it not so? Have you not had a chill when you thought how some of your friends cut you or turned their faces from you? I heard of a case recently where a man for twelve years had not spoken to one of his relations. On a certain occasion, twelve years back, a letter was written and there was a little disagreement, a misunderstanding. The letter dropped beneath a writing pad and was never sent. The failure of the letter to go caused bitterness, heart-burning for twelve long years. Oh, beloved, on what little things we stumble, what little pebbles in the path trip us up! We don't have to have big stumbling blocks. I have seen Christians stumble over the smallest pebbles. Pray God not to let you make offenses out of things that are not made for offenses. There are plenty of real occasions of trouble in the world. Don't make them. Don't create them. Don't conjure up in your imagination just what that person is going to say and do. Last week if I had left a place hastily, reaching a conclusion in regard to an important matter, I would have left with a most unpleasant impression. I went away for

a little while, called back in half an hour, and the whole thing was straightened out, and now I have the very best impression instead of the very worst. It is so hard not to take offense sometimes. Put your foot down and with God's help do not take offense.

STUMBLING STONES.

There are two ways of dealing with a stumbling stone. If I find a piece of granite in my path I can stand and look at it and wonder why it was put there. I can be foolish enough to attempt to kick it out of my way. Probably if I kick it I will get more hurt than the stone. That stone represents people, circumstances, things which cross your path. You can stand and argue with God about these stumbling blocks. You can go home very tired after that argument. Or you can knock them over out of your path if you are busy or in a hurry.

Or, you can lift your foot and put it on that piece of stone. If you do that you are just so much taller. If you stumble over it you are just so much shorter. Beloved, let me tell you, Jesus was in that stone of stumbling. You are stumbling over God's people; you are stumbling over Him. If you stumble over

the circumstances you are stumbling over Him. He is in that stone, in that circumstance, in that unpleasant person. Do not be offended. Put your foot upon the stone. Make it a stepping-stone up to higher and more glorious things. You will begin to realize that the grandest thing in the world is to trust Jesus no matter who comes or who goes. Trust Him. Look up into His face and see Him in the midst of the darkness. Listen and you will hear His voice. Reach out your hand and you will find His hand meeting yours across the path. When you cannot see, cannot hear, cannot touch hands, open your mouth and breathe in the Holy Ghost. God will fill you with Himself. You will know the reality of His presence as you never knew it before. "Blessed (above all persons in the world) whosoever shall not be offended in Me."

ALL MY SPRINGS ARE IN THEE.

(Selections from an address given at Old Orchard, August 7, 1904.)

THERE is an old rendering of Psalm lxxxvii. 7 which is very beautiful: "The singers also, and the trumpeters shall He rehearse. All my fresh springs shall be in Thee."

I like to think of this convention as a choir rehearsal for the hallelujah chorus we are going to take part in by and by. If you cannot sing now you will not be fitted to sing by and by. You must catch the note and learn the song here. We are here not merely to pray, but to learn this song.

What that song is we are told in Revelation, the song of Moses and the Lamb. It is like all God's songs. It has its major and its minor keys. It is all that God has in His heart for us. The sorrow and the joy are mingled together; the bitter and the sweet combine and produce that note in the soul of the believer that nothing else will ever bring about, because it is out of sorrow that joy comes; it is out of bitterness that all sweetness comes; it is out of death that all true life comes.

THE SINGERS.

Who are the singers? Are they not the cheerful people, the people who have been touched by the joy of the Lord and have it for their strength. God loves singing and God loves a joyous people. You will remember when Jehoshaphat was going out to battle against bitter enemies God taught him how to arrange his forces, and the singers and players upon the instruments were put in front. That was the beginning of the victory. We are told that their enemies fought each other and melted away like snow before the sun. May God teach us the great secret of a praiseful life. All true prayer results in praise, and praise always helps one to pray better. There is a tremendous moral, physical force, dynamic power, in praise; and as we see this we will put grumbling to the rear, bring the singing to the front, and in all our attacks upon the enemy we will be victors.

I think the singers mean not only those who have a song in their souls and upon their lips, but those who have a singing life. There are many people who cannot sing a note if they tried. They haven't it in them; but their whole life may be a melody for God. You who cannot sing with your lips are qualified

for this heavenly choir if your lives are singing. There is not one who may not sing with their eyes. God wants not only those who can sing audibly, but above all things He wants the singing life, the spirit wholly yielded, the silent and yet musical life. Thank God, there is not one who cannot have it.

ANTIPHONAL SINGING.

In the Episcopal Church there is what is called antiphonal singing. It means that first one side of the choir takes up the song and then the other, and then all join in the chorus. Here in this verse of our text there is a sort of double choir, antiphonal singing. There are the trumpeters, those who have to shout a little louder than the others; that is, those who have to stand in a more prominent place, those who have to stand in the van of the battle and lead the hosts to victory. The trumpeters stand in the front. They give the note that can be heard all over the whole army, and sometimes the sound of the trumpet sends terror into the hearts of the enemy. The trumpeters may apply to our little band of missionaries. They are not many, only two or three hundred, but God is training His trumpeters, and He is giving them no uncer-

tain sound. There is no discord. They are all true to the blood, true to the cross and true to the Master. We do not want a larger army if largeness will weaken the note or bring discord.

"All my springs are in Thee." There are seven drops of water in this spring, clear as crystal, which I wish to give to you.

Joy. Oh, dear heart, if you do not get anything else from this convention, God give you a drop of real joy, a joy that cannot be discouraged, a joy that cannot be killed by any sorrow! Sing with the joy of the Lord as your strength.

Peace. This is a deeper note. Have you the "peace that is calm as a river?" God will not disappoint you if you go to Him for it. He gives the "peace that passeth understanding."

Power. Thank God, we may have a touch of His marvelous power!

Light. Light comes from the sun, and the sun is the expression of God's best for us today. Let us shine in our corners and glorify God.

Life. Light comes from life. You will never have light in your eyes until you have life in your heart: "In Him was life, and the

life was the light of men." Jesus in you is the life, and then there will be a new light in your eye, a new tone in your voice, a new touch in your hand, a new spring in your feet.

Love. When life and light are in action it just means love.

Liberty. The "Spirit of the Lord," which gives liberty, sometimes helps a man to keep still as well as to speak, for liberty is not license. Dr. Gordon once heard a man in a meeting who was saying hard and blasphemous things. Dr. Gordon called him to order. "Don't stop me," the man cried out. "I am a child of God, and where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." Dr. Gordon quietly replied: "Yes, my brother, where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty, but no license." Christ had that liberty which kept Him silent when He was accused. God grant that we may use our liberty like that sometimes!

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

"God, my Maker, who giveth songs in the night." Job xxxv. 10.

THAT is the time we need the song. Anyone can sing in the daytime. It is not everyone who can sing at night. And because it is night in so many places, with so many people, in so many ways, we need this message to-day. We love to think of the Holy City, where, we are told, there will be no night there. This city of New York, however, is an unholy city, an unhappy city, and it seems sometimes as if there was no day here. It seems as if it were all night.

THE LARK.

There are two little birds that are beautiful pictures of the spirit of song. The one is the lark that rises early in the morning, plumes its wings and rising higher and higher its whole being goes out in song. God make us more like the lark!

THE NIGHTINGALE.

The other little bird is the nightingale, the little bird of a dull dark color that hides away in the bushes and doesn't sing much in the

daytime, but rises with its beautiful tender note in the evening tide when it is dark. I want to be the nightingale singing in the night time when it is dark all around, when people are sleeping and others tossing upon beds of unrest and pain. God help you and me to be able to give the nightingale songs in the night!

It is song we need and not sighing. We will not have to go far from this Tabernacle, among rich and poor, to find sighing, plenty of wails, *misereres*, the wail of the poor, of the sick, of the unhappy, of those who have no rest or peace of soul or body. God wants us to give people songs—something set to music. That is what a song means, not a written or printed song, but a song that comes out of your heart and soul. Much is taught now of chest and throat tones. I want to sing a song that does not come from my throat or chest, but down deep from my heart. God give us a song! a song in the night!

A SONG FROM THE HEART.

Remember, first of all, the song must come from the heart. No other song is of any use here. It is the song that comes from a broken heart that tells most. It has been beautifully

said that the only songs that have lived and will live, the only songs worth singing to this sad, broken-hearted world, are the songs that have tears in them, that have blood in them, pain in them, that have come out of broken hearts and lives.

There is no strain so sweet as the strain that comes from lips that have trembled with pain and from a heart that has been broken again and again. These are the songs we want to sing to a broken-hearted world.

HER LAST SONG.

It is told of a great singer in France, who had held thousands in her spell of song, that God took from her the darling of her heart and she made a vow that she would never sing again. Her heart was broken. On the day of the burial she was besought once more to sing. She was silent for a moment or two. She sang. The church was filled with her friends. She stepped forward with all the majesty of a woman's grace, and with a heart crushed to earth, she began with a broken voice. As she went on she gathered strength and courage, and they say the great church in that great city never rang with such notes, like a nightingale, indeed like a lark. She had

a woman's heart; a broken heart, and in that case surely—

> "The anguish of the singer
> Made the sweetness of the strain."

She never sang again. It was the one great message that her whole heart and life went out in.

"These songs in the night must come from "God, my Maker." No other person can give me a song. It must be divine. It must come out of the heart of God, Jesus Christ. It must have in it the tenderness of the Holy Ghost. It must come out of Gethsemane. It must come out of Calvary. The songs that you and I love to sing, that tell in our gospel meetings, that bring the sinner to the Saviour, that bring the saint sanctification, that bring healing, are those that are full of the blood of Jesus Christ. Therefore we want divine human song.

THE GREAT NEED OF SONG.

Many years ago I sought to lead one of the brightest young men in this city to Christ. He sent for me in trouble. I spent years in trying to help him. I called on him one day at his hotel; he was in the last stages of consumption. He had a phonograph brought to

his bedside and there that wretched thing was grinding out to my poor friend the "Ragtime" songs of the Bowery. He said he was so lonely he wanted something to amuse him. That was all he had. Pity such people. Pity a human being, about to pass out into the presence of God, should have to ask for such a thing. And that was not an extreme case. There are thousands of people going to be in our theatres to-night, Sunday, and thousands more to-morrow night, the large majority of whom are not wicked, or very sinful, but they go for a little brightness, a little song for their poor lonely sad life. I believe there are thousands of girls and young men who attend these places—to leave the misery of a little hall bedroom or a boarding-house, the poorer going to a cheap theatre, the better off to a more respectable place. It is a poor, miserable song! There is no love or power in it. But it passes away the time. Instead of criticising them, pray for them. Don't judge them too harshly. Will you not go out and seek to give to these not the human, but the divine song? There is great need for songs in the night.

THE SONG OF HOPE.

There are three notes in this great song.

The first note, is the song of hope. I would to God you knew as I do the poor people that are losing hope in this city. They have struggled and toiled in vain, and they are losing hope in God, in man, in the Church of God, in society, and in themselves. God wants you to give a song of hope, nothing else will do. It must be divine. Do not go with any poor human hope. It will die. They tell us that "Hope springs eternal in the human breast." Perhaps it does, but I know a great many people whose spring of hope has dried up and there is nothing for them to-day but absolute hopelessness. Men and women, act tenderly with the hopeless. God give the gospel of hope, hope that comes down inspired from heaven, "hope that maketh not ashamed" full of immortality, "hope the anchor of the soul sure and steadfast." That is what the poor hopeless ones need to-day.

THE SONG OF FAITH.

There is another note in this song, the note of faith. They tell us faith is dying out. There are people to-day that are losing faith, who are not faithless, not infidels; that word means one that doesn't believe. There are thousands of people to-day who want to believe, and

would if they could. Why are you sitting here this morning with your hearts and souls full of divine things? It is just because God has had a finger on you. Do you deserve it? I never had a serious doubt about the divinity of my Saviour. Is it any credit to me? No. Perhaps I cannot sympathize with those who doubt, but I want to go out to those who have lost faith in God and the Church, and show them not by argument, but by my life that I have a faith that cannot die, because it is fastened to the throne of the Eternal. You who have faith in a living God, faith in a living Bible, go out and live it, and prove by your life that Jesus Christ is God, because He is inside of you, and making you like Himself.

THE SONG OF LOVE.

The third note that comprehends the other two in this song, is that note of love that began when "the morning stars sang together, and the Sons of God shouted for joy." Go to the loveless and the unlovely, and those who defile the word, and turn it into lust, and show them what God means. Carry something of the pure stream of the Water of Life, into the streams of mud around you. Be like

the Gulf Stream that forces its way along our coast and on across to other lands, pressing on through the various tides, and just like an arm of God full of life and love, enfolds that group of islands so that England is green when other places are white with snow. I think there is a gulf stream in the ocean of life, and I think you and I have touched it. May God keep us there in the gulf stream of love that carries everything else before it; no matter how turbid its banks, keep in the centre of the river, let that mighty tide of love which God gives, which is stronger than death, mightier than the grave, fill your lives. It will carry a song wherever you go.

WHERE TO SING.

How can we do this? Where can we sing these songs? I have told you of the night time, of the kind we want, and of the kind of people that need the song, the hopeless, the faithless, the loveless. Now where shall we go to sing this little song? It is the darkest places that need the light; the tuneless places that need the song. We shall have no difficulty to find the dark and sunless place.

A SONG IN THE NIGHT.

In the sixteenth chapter of Acts we read

of Paul and Silas, who were not only in prison, but in the inner prison, with all its unspeakable darkness and degradation. Furthermore, their feet were fast in the stocks, and their hands were probably tied behind their poor bleeding backs. Nothing was free, but one thing; namely, their tongues. People of God, you are not as badly off. You have not been in the Philippian prison. You have been in dark places, and some of you are in very hard places, but I think everybody here would say, no, thank God, I am not where Paul and Silas were. Have you got a song in your heart? Has the Lord given you a song in the night? Who heard Paul and Silas? I suppose Paul and Silas did it to cheer themselves. There is a wonderful power in song. I was a young volunteer in the Queen's army in 1864. I remember going home from our drills often tired, but when the band struck up the strain we would brace up, march and sing. No matter how weary and how worn you are there is a song in the heart of God you can catch and sing in the darkest hours.

OPPORTUNITIES.

Remember this also, you will find other people in prison as well as you, you are not the only one. In that very place where you

are in prison, in that very house, in that very block, and perhaps in that very room where you are suffering, there is somebody else suffering, too. And do you know the difference between you and that person? They have no song in the night. They have the prison and stocks, they are suffering perhaps through their own foolishness, an unsanctified suffering, but unsanctified suffering never produced a song. Sanctified suffering does. Paul could sing. Though his back was bleeding, he had Jesus in his heart, and he sang for the love of Jesus and the glory of God. Go sing to the people who are suffering, and it is wonderful how they will hear you.

THE PHILIPPIAN JAILER.

When the jailer in that Philippian prison awakened he heard something he had never heard before. It was not a heathen song he heard, nor was it cursing and swearing. It was a song to Jesus as our Advocate. The prisoners heard the song, and the jailer was saved by song as well as by earthquake. Some poor, broken heart in that part of the prison had never heard the name of Jesus, or knew what faith and love meant, and I believe was saved that night. Oh! let us go out and sing the songs, the old songs with new meaning.

THIRTEEN HALLELUJAHS.

THE one hundred and fiftieth Psalm is the climax as well as the close of the book. It is the apex of the Pyramid of Praise which is the dominant note of almost every song in it. The singer seems to gather up here and pour forth in one mighty burst of praise the meaning of every preceding Psalm as if his soul, like ours, who read the words after 3,000 years of repetition were:

"Lost in wonder, love and praise."

Psalm 150 is the apotheosis of praise. It is prayer translated, transfigured into praise. It is in fact a picture of the growth of the soul through all the stages of prayer—through all the meanings of that wonderful word into the "Gate of Praise," where petition, entreaty, supplication and intercession lose themselves in adoration and thanksgiving so intense that we seem to have gotten to the place and the atmosphere of which Jesus speaks in St. John xvi. 23: "In that day ye shall ask Me nothing." God Himself in Jesus Christ has become "the answer to all our questionings."

HALLELUJAH UNTRANSLATABLE.

In six short verses of this song of the soul in ecstasy we have no less than thirteen "Hallelujahs." Every child knows that "Praise the Lord" is simply the attempt of our English tongue to translate the untranslatable. Like "Jesus" and "Amen," "Hallelujah" has passed unchanged into nearly every tongue of earth, without losing its splendid Hebrew tone and resonance.

If, as Luther said, "The Psalm is the Bible in little," surely Psalm 150 is the very core of the heart of praise and has not one only, but two "Hallelujahs" for every day of the week, with one left over for Sunday, so large that, like the rainbow round about the throne, it covers heaven and earth, sea and sky, with its sevenfold columns; and, like Handel's "Hallelujah chorus," calls upon every living thing in every world, animate and inanimate.

> "With all its powers, with all their might,
> In God's sole glory to unite."

INADEQUACY OF HUMAN LANGUAGE.

Where every verse is a stepping stone to "higher ground," the best words of the best men, seem feebleness itself in attempts to ex-

pound the Psalm. It is like a man on the top of Mt. Blanc, trying to talk about the glory of the scene above, around and beneath him. But without attempting to "gild refined gold" or "paint the lily," it may be said that the Septuagint version of verse six is suggestive. It is, "Let every breath praise the Lord." It touches the thought wrapped up in the ancient beliefs that in nature there is a "breath," a "spirit," speaking through the visible creation; that as Schopenhauer says, "The body of things is always trying in some way to voice the breath or spirit shut up in it." The soul of the world, as they tell us, is always trying to voice itself through running rivers, floating clouds, balmy breezes, as well as in its fiercest forms of expression, as in the roll of the thunder and the play of the lightning. Norman Duncan in his brief sketch called "The Breath of the North," gives tongue to this thought, "I am the wind of the North," says the spirit of the storm. "Swift I come from the wastes of death. Out of silence and solitudes vast and the whiteness of snow I sweep. From the night of the North I steal with gaunt death in my train, and I manage the seas of the North and I gather the sons of men."

PRAISE AND PLENTY.

But there is more than ancient thought and modern philosophy in this Psalm of the Psalms and others like it in the Book. A glance at Psalm 148, and especially the 67th, will show us something more profound, and at the same time more intensely practical than all the wisdom of the "Ancients and Moderns," outside the Word of God. In the latter song we have a hint of the secret and subtle connection between the praise of man and the fruitfulness of the earth.

The keynote of Psalm 67 is "Let the people praise Thee, O God. Let all the people praise Thee. Let the nations be glad and sing for joy. Then shall the earth yield her increase."

In other words, the earth is waiting to pour out plenty, when man begins to pour out praise. Rich harvests and full granaries are the response of nature to the Hallelujahs of the sons of men. Philosophy and materialism may smile or sneer at such a thought, but simple hearts can sometimes "catch the note" which "the wise and prudent" miss. (See St. Luke x. 21.)

At all events, this sweet, subtle harmony

of heaven, Mother Earth and her enlightened children, lies deep in this Book of Psalms. "Praise and plenty," have more to do with each other than the wisdom of men has even guessed at. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear, of this *"motif,"* of the great "melody" of heaven and earth.

JUDGMENTS IN THE EARTH.

First, the trumpet of the natural world is speaking to us men with no "uncertain sound."

Unless we are blind and deaf we must see and hear in the events of the present year something of forces behind what we call nature, that have to be dealt with in our efforts to solve the problems of life. "Lovely nature, sweet and smiling," has surely sung something more than lullabys to us during 1906. Rough-throated volcanoes have tried in their way to make us hear the voice of God, as they have poured forth their streams of molten lava, desolating mud and poisonous vapors. The earthquake has tried to shake men and women from their apathy and godlessness into some recognition of "a God that judg-

eth the earth" (Ps. lviii. 11). The fire has tried to burn its way to the consciences of men through flaming cities, and treasures of years gone up in smoke. "Plague, pestilence, and famine"—the furies and Eumenides of the "earth-born" of all ages and of ours, have tried to make us understand what sermons and easy-going exhortations to godliness have failed to effect.

Cyclones and hurricanes of titanic force and whirlwind velocity have swept over our land and swept out of existence lives and property the value of which millions and billions "can never measure."

But out of all this pandemonium of earthly and hellish forces and frightful cries of agony and despair there rises to hearing ears the old words of the Book: "When Thy judgments are in the earth, the inhabitants of the world will learn righteousness" (Isa. xxvi. 9).

Not all, indeed; not many, perhaps, but some, surely a chosen few, will rise out of the "wreck and ruin" of their earthly possessions and hopes and seek and find the God they have so long forgotten and failed to serve.

JUDGMENTS IN THE COMMERCIAL WORLD.

The second cause of thanksgiving comes from the commercial world. Not much, some will say, as they think of the revolutions of the past eighteen months. Wrecks of fortunes and worse wrecks of reputations have been so numerous and shocking that in a pessimistic mood we may be tempted to say: Mercantile and business rectitude has perished from the earth. But a calmer survey and a more balanced judgment will see rising from the ruins of corporations and companies, once accounted as stable as the Rock of Gibraltar, men, young and old, and not a few who have gone through the fire and the water and have come out into a wealthy place. "Wealthy," in a new and better sense than the old—less money—and more character—not so much "wealth" of stocks and bonds, but with that which fire cannot burn nor water wash away. The flames which have "burned up" and "burned out" reputations without number, have also "burned in" to some of our money and business men, young and old, a sense of God as the moral governor of the universe—a sense of responsibility to Him and to their fellowmen—for funds entrusted to them

that to say the least was not much "in evidence" two years ago.

The Political World, with all its impurities and puerilities, its deep-seated corruption, affords little cause for a Hallelujah, and yet there are glints of light in the general darkness.

Here and there men are rising above the dead level of venality and vote-buying and selling. "Peanut politics," as the phrase is, does not rule altogether. In state and national contests for the supremacy of party, noble souls are striving to put principles to the front and press forward a pure man here and there to fight the machine and the bosses who control it. In the House and the Senate we like to believe that there are pure and true men, who cannot be bought and sold like cattle. There are a few "Noble Romans" in the forum of the legislature and the executive branches of the Government who still believe in God Almighty and do not regard the attempt of a politician to keep the Ten Commandments as "an iridescent dream." From the "primary" up to the "presidency" there are signs—if only a few—of revived moral sentiment and an honest desire to lift the state

in its manifold bearings upon national and individual life, to a level somewhat parallel to the lofty tone and masculine morality of the Declaration of Independence.

THE SOCIAL WORLD.

Next the Social World. Is its condition altogether hopeless? Is there any use in even praying for a revival of decency and common morality in home and family life? The records of the police and divorce courts, not to speak of the abominable exposures of the daily press, would tend to make us pessimists and "despair of the Republic," as the old Roman phrase was.

And yet, "*Nil Desperandum*" must be our motto, in spite of all. "God is not dead" in the social world, any more than He is in the natural, commercial and political world. Here, as of old, He speaks to the despairing Elijahs: "Yet I have left Me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees that have not bowed unto Baal and every mouth which hath not kissed him."

We should remember, ere we give up hope of society and the family life of the nation, that it is the unhappy marriages, not the happy ones, that are reported in the

5911

daily press. The "scare" headlines of the sensational sheet, tell only of the scandals of society, but barely a word of the millions of "Happy Homes" and Christian firesides, where modest competency and honorable poverty abide in the love and fear of God; where the family altar is raised daily and the voice of joy and health is hourly heard in the dwellings of the righteous. If in many a sad case the "hotel" has taken the place of "home," and the children see and hear little but the artificial side of our American civilization, nevertheless, there are American homes as sweet in their simplicity and purity as those of England, so often quoted for our imitation. Here, too, are living in peace and purity, true husbands and wives, fulfilling the purpose of God in their unions and bringing up, not merely "an American family," as the sneering phrase is, but "children as an heritage and gift that cometh of the Lord" (Ps. cxxvii. 3, P. B. v.) and in His nurture and admonition.

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

What comfort and cheer can we get from her present condition and outlook for the

future? Some, at least, if not "much every way." After we have gone the weary round of the mistakes and failures of the churches when the last sad word has been said of her missing her "high calling" in so many ways—let us not forget that there is a bright side even to this dark picture. Now, as in every age of spiritual declension, and even apostasy, there are stars in the firmament, shining all the more brightly, because there is so much general darkness. The "Ecclesiolæ," or little churches in the "Ecclesia," or larger body, are to-day, as always, the "salt of the earth," keeping it from utter corruption. The so-called "heretics" and "schismatics" are doing to-day for the 'church universal" what in the providence of God they were raised up to do. They are keeping alive a knowledge of God as a personal indweller, of Jesus as a real Saviour from real sin, and of the Holy Ghost as a personality, more potent for good and entire sanctification than all the combined forces of evil in the world.

There are Albigenses and Waldenses of the twentieth century who are keeping to the front vital truths and often doing more with a fragment of "the faith once for all

delivered to the saints," than the church at large is doing with the whole. For these and all like them, in spite of peculiarities and vagaries we "thank God and take courage" for our age and people.

PERSONAL HOLINESS.

Our closing Hallelujah rises to God for Personal holiness, without which the church, the family, the state, would never see God. For souls in every place on this wide earth, for saints of every clime, color, faithful amid the faithless, dying daily, but intensely alive unto God, and passing life and light on to those about them, we praise God and ask Him to count us worthy to stand with them here in the shadows now, and there in the glory of His presence, and of the light that shall never be darkened.

BIBLE LAMPS
FOR
LITTLE FEET

REV. HENRY WILSON, D. D.

Dr. Wilson was the children's friend. Mothers and Sunday School teachers everywhere appreciated his weekly talks and Bible lessons to the children which appeared in the Christian and Missionary Alliance. Bible Lamps for Little Feet is a selection of fifty-two of these beautiful lessons,one for each week of the year, tastefully arranged. It is a beautifully printed book with little Kate Greenaway figures of boys and girls scattered throughout. It is also further illustrated by full-page cuts, some Bible pictures, others missionary pictures. A book suitable for all ages, from the wee tot to the older boys and girls who can look up the Scripture references and questions without aid.

In decorated cloth. Price, $1.00 postpaid.

BV 4817 .W55 1908
Wilson, Henry, 1841-1908.
The internal Christ

Date Due

6-7-81	NOV 27 1990		
JUN 4 '85	APR 3 1991		
OCT 21 1986	MAR 27 1992		
DEC 9 1986	APR 21 1992		
MAR 20 1990	APR 13 1993		
APR 08 1990	APR 01 1995		
APR 23 1990	MAY 2 1995		
MAY 31 1990			
JUN 14 1990			
OCT 22 1990			
NOV 13 1990			

ALLIANCE SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY
AND MISSIONS

NYACK, NEW YORK

P9-AAV-161